You stand in your living room, the sunlight filtering through the curtains, casting warm, golden rays on the walls. Life feels ordinary, mundane. You chuckle softly at a memory, perhaps a silly joke shared with friends, when suddenly the atmosphere thickens with an inexplicable energy. The world around you begins to blur, colors swirling into vibrant hues, and a sensation akin to tickling electricity courses through your body.

"What is happening?!" you think, heart racing as the very fabric of reality seems to be rewriting itself. The walls of your room dissolve into ethereal clouds, and you find yourself enveloped in a dazzling expanse of cerulean skies and billowing, shiny white clouds.

You squint against the radiance, trying to grasp your surroundings. "Where am I?" you whisper. To your astonishment, you've arrived in a grand celestial city, where gleaming buildings loom with an outline of iridescent light, and strange, delightful creatures drift around you. Angel figures twirl gracefully, their laughter harmonious, echoing through the airy space. You spot their golden halos glowing, wings fluttering in an enchanting rhythm.

Suddenly, you get a sensation like a feather drifting across your skin, tickling and comforting all at once. It begins at your fingertips, radiating warmth and bliss. "No, no... I don't want to forget!" you murmur, panic clawing at your throat as you feel something monumental shift within. But as each second passes, the feelings of fear dissolve, replaced by a soothing warm tickle infusing every fiber of your being.

Your body tingles, transforming in a way that is both exhilarating and terrifying. You watch in awe as your skin begins to lighten, purest white replacing the natural hue of humanity. At your cheeks, large crimson circles blossom forth, vibrant and alive, while your eyelids shimmer into a light blue hue reminiscent of the purest sky.

"What is happening to me?!" you gasp, your heart racing. A melodious laugh catches your attention, and you see the bright eyes of a seraphim angel watching you. "Just feel it, dear! Let it happen!" she sings out, her voice carrying an infectious joy.

As panic starts to fade, a pleasant warmth envelops your essence, and your weight lightens, muscles transforming into

effortless, ethereal strength.

"This is... amazing!" you chuckle, the sound escaping you in a youthful voice that feels tender like velvet.

Then, the ticklish feeling intensifies around your back, and without pain or discomfort, six magnificent feathered wings sprout like blooming flowers, each feather brushed in shades of angelic white and sunny yellow. The sensation sends delightful shivers down your spine, making you erupt into a harmonious laugh.

Your clothes dissolve into dazzling threads of glowing fabric, morphing into an angelic robe befitting a seraphim, framing your slender form with elegance.

"Look at you!" chirps the same seraphim, her infectious grin spreading wider as you marvel at your form. "You are perfect!"

You glance down and realize your reflection captivates youve always been... an angel?" The thought dances through your mind, soft whispers urging you to embrace this moment, letting go of lingering doubts. You are happy, more than you ever thought you could be. You feel the memories, your life as a human, already starting to slip away like grains of sand through your fingers. "Forget? But, why would Ithe seraphim, who had thrived in the heavens long before this instant.

The voice inside you echoing, "Always an angel. You are here! It has always been your truth!" You chuckle with delirious delight, the tickling sensation surrounding your essence now a symphony of joy and liberation.

Your memories begin to reshape themselves, every ticklish thought embracing your new persona, revealing fragments of eternity long forgotten. No longer is there a cruel heart racing in your chest, but an immortal spirit alive with celestial warmth and serenity.

"I love this! I feel... home!" you exclaim, a smile stretching across your face as you twirl in the boundless skies of Heaven.

As the transformation settles, the ticklish sensations gracefully ebb away, now replaced with a soft glow of fulfillment, leaving you knowing you are not just an angel, but a heavenborn seraphim, flourishing among the clouds, celebrating

the very essence of existence.

"You were never a mere mortal, darling! You were always meant for greatness!" the seraphim sings, her eyes sparkling as you embrace the reality of your angelic origins.

Your heart beats in rhythm, forever bound to the joy of the seraphic realm, and from that moment, there is no trace of your past, only the glimmering light of eternity.

Embracing the point of no return, you carry forth the blissful knowledge that you never were human, that your genesis danced under these pure skies, where every sunbeam and every soul sings praises to Asherah, and all that remains is your shining legacy, draped in divine joy and love.